"In the peace of quiet"

I THOUGHT THAT I TRUSTED YOU
AND EVERYTHING WOULD BE FINE
AND WHAT WASN'T COULD BE
WORKED OUT IN PEACE OF QUIET
"BUT " SOMEHOW MADE IT'S WAY IN
AND I WONDERED IF IT WAS YOUR
WEAKNESS
OR MY FOOLISHNESS AND PRIDE
BECAUSE NOW I FEEL RAW
AND ASHAMED AND PUSHED AWAY
I GUESS I'LL FIND OUT ONE DAY WHAT
IT WAS
BUT THEN AGAIN I'M SURE I WONT
AND THE THING ABOVE THEM ALL
IS THAT I DON'T CARE AT ALL.
I CAN'T SAY WHO WAS RIGHT,
BUT I CAN SAY THAT I WAS WRONG
AND FORGIVE ME IF MY SILLY BUNNY
REASONS WERE INTRUSIVE
AND FORGIVE ME IF MY TONGUE WAS
STUPID AND A "SIGN " FOR DANGER
AND FORGIVE ME FOR MEANING YOU
ANYTHING EVEN IF I MEANT YOU FUN
AND GOODNESS.
FORGIVE ME IT ALL.

-Hamlets entwined Desire

"I'm hearin' Voices"

So, I'm hearing these voices
one sayin' love
the other one hate
so my body tells me
wont you go over to susahna and her brothers
they can show you a better way
so i move like i got a mustang,
more like a 69 Cadillac to be correct,
and i make it to susahna
me, her and her brother all come correct
Keith pulls up the guitar
susahna takes off all her clothes
i talk like a madman
and Keith asks boy are you cold
so he takes of his clothing
slow and fine like he's playin' a grand piano
and susahna is lookin' at me
tellin' me she's hearing voices
one of love
and 6 of hate
but the 1 is so beautiful
love is sweet
and hate just wants to masturbate
Keith lips find their way to my stomach
susahna makes love to me with words
my chest is bare and I've got choices
love is real
and it doesn't masturbate to make a song
and i am alone in a three
and i'm hearin' voices
forever for love

and 66 for hate.

-Lovlie 68

"By life I thee Wed"

everybody
everybody
i know i don't have the answer
and i can't tell you what it is
but everybody listen
i know what to do
I can tell you 'bout Jesus
and colors fantastic
that are everything but untrue
but you have to be ready
to do what you need to do
take the time to talk
stay in your house and let your toung feel free
unconstriction and peace
are the purpose and reason in mind
if you thought you've made love before
here you will find a true and new kind
now i'm not callin you a liar
but were you anything than"pure"?
did you take your time to see
everything you knew you wanted to and could
be?

- Lovlie 68

"The Ballad of Fandora Lilly"

Truly fine enough
Her mind bathed freely in a violet Room
Bathtub Big enough for two
and it's your choice your freely born with
to keep what cloths you will wear
electric sonatas
a harp sounds with her every word
the birds are flying...ooh look, they're doves
and they are so pretty
this is the Ballad of Fandora Lilly
I can not contest, she so fine
she slips the ring onto my finger,
I love to feel the water that covers my lips
and inside I feel so fast and oh so hungry
a violin strokes as my eyes widen
and I can feel her singin'
her movement comes with bubble and
the bathtub is full of the deep steam allure
and I know she is a direct descendant of the moon
This is the Ballad of Fandora Lilly

- Lovlie 68

"Any Day"

any day now,
the sky is gonna crack
and all children dyin' will smile
any day now.
any day now,
spiritually infringing constitutions will melt away
and we will know and see everything our hearts were built to say
and the tree's will know rest
and the sea will be calm
and animals will be free of their thirst for flesh,
any day now
the children and the those who believed
will be one with the seasons
any day now,
all those stunted correlations will be the victim
of a beautiful love treason
any day, oh yes, any day.
Whoever lived like love was the sex of the fool will know
and all the mothers will dance
free of "mere" motherhood
and all the knuckleheads will smile when they see each other
any day now it is here
and all the fantastic will outweigh, push out,
and do away with all fear.
The children will be free and those who have lived the old life will finally see,
and those who have gone ahead shall be met in the rest of any day.

-Lovlie 68

"Many the reason"

I've got so many reasons
to sit around and wait for the each other
and i am ashamed that I sit alone
whispering to myself about the day that i say I do!
it's more than a quarter to love
it's about the lips and the knees
it's about "i will try" and "please"
all together it transcends respect
because this is the profound thing that love will do.
so unseat yourself from that spot
and leave your purse and your foolhardy ideas of position to the wind
todays the time for something slow, thick and real with anticipation
and harmony fantastic so that we know
we don't have to be ashamed
when we embrace the reality to share.

-Lovlie 68

"Serendipity Love"

Perchance I were to know love serendipitiously.
Would you consider me Sexually precarious or wayward
or would you perceive me as weak and lonely?

God's Serendipity, people , is a thing unlike what you call luck
and I don't understand it as the conventional blessing.
In fact it could be said that my using Serendipity as an attribute of God is wayward, loose and wreckless?

Then Listen with your eyes:

Serene and warm is the sound of a woman in love
and soft with a breeze of passiones yet to be sailed is the sound of a man in love.
Serendipity people
Serendipity is the per chance that you will sail the sea and hear the sounds of love and uncharted desires.
Would you question this to be an understanding in standing with God?

-Hamlet's Love

i didn't proofread, i didn't wanna be so "calculated".

i thought about it all and came up with the idea to scream, but that too was self-righteous and vain. I thought i'd sing a song, but the only thing i would sing would have the word or sentence, "u lied, u'r supposed '2 take care of me'". after each i hear only my applause, my selfish and bitter applause. i'm my biggest fan, and i fill up the arena. my bitter and selfish applause. so i sing a song about God and the back of a crayon box and down the block and around the corner there's a boy and girl in one body like night and day ran together and they are called God. it feels so good to feel that lonely, because that lonely is true and unavoidable. Everybody has to stand before the one God alone, everybody. but the other things Craig.....are foolish. i don't have to apologize, what i have to do is something....but what. We don't like the set up we have. maybe i could be straightforward....maybe. but i never dreamed that i'd cause so much distress in another persons life.....i apologize...i am wrong. what ever we want lets just say it. i wanna be your "friend".. we done 2 much for just that word to apply. i don't know what i really want, beside for my life to be right. i want peace. and u? tell me, 'k? i apologize for Monday night.....the telephone and my voice. i apologize, i am embarrassed and feel stupid. small.

take a look around the corner
there's a boy and girl of one body
and sound mind
they are as night and day ran together
they are called God
ooh look, there he is
the one with the Crayon box
filled with sweet air pastels
i think i'm in love, i think i see Heaven
there they are
friends or something
i hear they live together and lay as one
they don't fight
and can be seen holding theyre anger and disbalief
in their hand before them
scrutinizing,
reasuring one another as to what love is all about..
....i think i heard them say, "people as one".

So i thought about it and thought just a little more. why have i caused u this? all that u tell me we'll go see if it's true. everything that i tell u we'll go see if thats true 2. do u believe this? lets take it slower than we do now. i wanna move fast and then i don't wanna move.....is this inconsistant or being? u know what u want from me, and if u tell me then we can see, i'll do u the same way. what do i want? do u know what i want specifically? nothing that u weren't born 2 give (the good things that is.) R there things that i should not tell u? give me examples.....and i wont speak on them. Do u trust me that i'm actually sharing when i say that's what i'm doing, or do u think there's something slightly jaded at hand? i'm not a lawyer, i just wanna know. 'cause it's important to me, if it weren't i wouldn't. and if i don't then i'm tired. or if it's not important to me and i don't volunteer the information that it's not important to me, then ask, only if u truly, truly,truly,truly,truly,truly,truly,truly,truly,truly,truly,truly, wanna know. be true to yourself, but know if yourself is true.

taking the time 2 concieve a tambourine in my heart, i come 2 understand it's poisen and scheme. does this strike any one of us (u or me) as odd? me it does not, i have danced with my self derived devils and they soon shall take of me what i can not afford 2 lose. does this strike ethier one of us as odd? how does a man find his comfort? this is no hard question 4 me, but i can say that no soul should hold dearly 2 the dought he has come 2 know as a yoke and master. let me live it and keep my stink 2 my own land and desert. i am love, i am told by a voice up above, but i see this as the color in childrens book. green filled pages, sad keynotes with fabled endings, yellow cutting the peripherals and form found in outlines and names. Love is the color in a childrens book.

"voice from the sky
say rely on your best friend 2 pull u through
but even if i wanted 2
i couldn't really truly
'cause my only friend i U
love come quick....."
- prince

what is it that i'm saying? i'm saying that we are either going to be one or visibly fractioned. scrutineze like u are in a lab instead of a debate. tell yourself and Me Me Me Me Me Me Me Me Me Me Me Me Me Me Me Me Me Me Me Me what is important.....the Mostess important! do u know another way? if u do then do it, but don't sit back and act like u'r not a herald to Gods kingdom. don't. sure i'm contemptuous:

"everybody on this earth
has got a vice,
mine little darlin',
mines is the opposite of ice
mines is the runnin' hot water
on the daughter of morality
in other words
this little Prince want's U see
baby, baby, baby i'm Hot and guilty in the 1st degree" -Prince

Little 1: *"my blood is not yours, as her blood is hers to have and spill. wiked, are u God that you can decide life and it's rights to others. u are as wrong as Cymone. Cymone you are blind. affections are not what you hold. you hold this not nearly as close as you hold envy and short-lived passions. spill my blood or any, and you taste your own death. i am never sorry for what is around me, but i am sorry that you feel this conviction. i am sorry for the taint that has stained and bloated your soul in darker proportions. i am sorry you can not be with me.*

Cymone: ***liar.***"

Wicked: *"sing on Cymone, tonight is the dance."*

Little 1: *"blind. u both are blind. Cymone beware, for you are a fool in this spirits light. he has a calling he must follow, a judgment to meet. you simply are one that he must judge. is he your lover? u don't hold for him what i do. u accept him and follow, and what you feel as compassion, is but the saliva the devil uses to digest a blind soul. freedom is yours tonight Cymone. my spirit is no God, yet i am not wiked's to 'bed'. i am a fun thing to him, a possibility and energy. u are dead.*

Riteous: *"u sing true little 1."*

Cymone stiffened for this presence she could not sense so clearly. his arrival was nothing but surprise, for she could feel him only as any soul feels hope. yet that was invisible,...hope was small and unfruitful. from inside little 1 could here his approach. this was there affinity. wiked simply knew.

Riteous: *" Cymone, listen to this soul you feel this charlatan hate for. as you are fine, u are blind to who my brother is. he and i are things which are meant not for lust and bastard desires of human spirit and worth. beware as little 1 has cautioned u. this storm has no eye."*

Wiked: *tonight my love we dance. u will be with me finally and i will make a bed for you which could be contested by no other. i will take u if this is your desire. tonight is the dance.*

Cymone moves a little, then she sits in the grass. three forces, two whom she wants, one which is the closest kinship. who are the forces whom she may have. wiked is but a name and riteous is a soul.so much to want, so many questions too little heart to take it all. 'i love and i want. i need...cannot riteous see this, will not wiked love me as he makes promise?..i am alone, but my will shall be served.'

Cymone: *"we shall dance wiked, but the dance is a dance we shall dance on even ground. u are a force which i desire, and my will can only be yours when we are equal."*

Riteous: *"a mistake which can not be afforded Cymon"*

there was no trading of words, no contest of thought. nothing. she began to walk away, past wiked and his storm, toward riteous and beyond. there was nothing, and she had come out alive.

Wiked: *"my lovely does sing beautiful and rare fair little 1. i speak your purity, my desires and direction are without taint. in this we are kin. does your mouth not shape its words like mine, does not your heart beat the calm beat as mine does. we are alike in the grand things little 1, why not be together."*

riteous was gone. no movement or words marked his departure. to any other than little 1 and wiked, he simply would have never been. but little 1 felt his departure as clear as his coming. wiked, unknown to little 1, knew what his brothers actions would be. This was the law of such lovers.

Little 1: "true that we are alike wiked, yet u are famine .
i was born to be a victim of your spirit, and a ruler
holding the mantle of choice. i win or lose, live or die.
yes, you are pure, but unlike cymone i recognize that the killer is pure
in the intention. that the soldier does what constitution calls for.
and this is done from 'purity'. those are ***words*** *wiked. but times call for*
essence to state what is true and a lie. u lie wiked., because u are one.

the night goes on as souls depart from one anothers presence. a life was near taken and a struggle has hardly begun. somewhere there is a old man called epiphany praising that mother moon for her wine spilling over the earth for truly he know the fiend and love that she inspires, and truly by his faith he knows that the Father loves her dearly as he does the children she arouses.

"pretty pretty moon, mother of a lovers plight. we love u. pan's delight works the night. the dance spills the blood and romance cleans a dirty wound while the devil swallows the insides of a virgin fool. But God does not cease to be for all that is shall He be. Good things are true."

- epiphany

There was a purple and green circle square where children would congregate. this they called the crossroads and kiss. Grass was green and when the moon was out it would appear blue. Lovers believed in this, so there they would congregate.

little 1: " it takes a lot of weakness to stir the dirt at the bottom of a soul. it takes death to make the dirt believable enough to have faith in. can she not see that the one she bespeaks as her lover is but the sentencer of her death. she is so blind, and i am forced to sit and watch my sister take mortality before it's time."

Riteous: "her ignorance is true in it's blindness. her convictions can level obstacles and foundations built before mans time. this is a blind ignorance which is all of an evil offspring. she will die if my brother has any say so. and he is the say thus far. she will 'love' him to a hollow grave which he will build for her only in starch mockery and stink. yes, u are helpless. yet keep this as a hope; her ignorance of death is akin to the ignorance you hold of me. when it comes to me there is but so much you conceive and realize. what do u recognize me as?

Little 1: "as u are named,.. riteous. kindness and compassion personified."

Riteous: "then u don't realize that i am colored by another affection"

little 1's eyes fell to the ground with the grace of a sophisticated bird beaten by storm.

Little 1: "you are 'riot' and idea, this is the color you speak of. u are smile in calm jest and retribution in confusion. you are joy and care."

silence. no one speaks when there is question in the air. does it seem that this would hold true for one such as Riteous? this is a question.

Riteous: "i am colored by love."

Littel 1: "obvious! how could this not be for isn't it Allthings which is your father. is he not love.
it would seem easy to ordinary awarness that love would be the blatant color to Allthings offspring"

Riteous: "if this is so...explain Wiked.

silence. yes, explain Wiked and his certain hand in death. this is the offspring of Allthings. then love is not what it seems to be.

Riteous: "do not believe that your mind is to be closed to love as a powerful
all compensing light. instead, open your mind and know that love is more than it appears to be.
it doesn't call to be understood, but it damds to be recognized.

gone.

no more Riteous to see. it seems they came together and leave alone, except for the affinity. Little 1 became acustomed to these happenings when with Riteous. she was not afraid, nor did she hold an all consuming humbled awe for Riteous or his abilities. she knew he had a soul like herself. to her they were equal, they were of an affinity.

Somwhere under a tree under a brook lived a quite women called Jenks. *quiet by nature and she loved the reward of reverence. for this is what she was given by the folk of this land. She was mad in her eyes, but a madness as dangerous as the lullaby of a swords stroke. she was a mistress to Wiked. she was a widow black to any other male. yet she was humbled by Wiked. fear was exstacy, and delight was the blood they would draw for all sex they would see. amoungst the folk, when seen together in crossroads and kiss, they were secretly called Wiked and the Widow black. of course they knew.*

Wiked and Jenks sat alone in the abode which was Jenks and Jenks alone. they sipped a bitter wine and layed in a deaf silence cracked only by a bent tone.

Jenks: "you tempt the young Cymone with her life. you smile the sweetest bile
at the tempting you cut into this childs flesh and eye. are pleased with yourself so?

Wiked had no words.

Jenks: "my flesh is weak wiked, tempt me as i cannot u. adore me as i fear u.
do this and you feel nothing for me.

Wiked: "tempt me u do, but not as the innocent soul"

Jenks: "u mean the ignorant"

Riteous: " that he does"

surprise jerked Jenks' insides, for she had no awarness or feeling as to the apearings of Riteous. He was a force of nature that was to big to be pointed, to pure to be sensed by her.

Alright, here we are, and i'm not sure if i'm feeling alright. I have enough things goin' down that i don't even know if i can "truly" deal with them now, and you (i probably think) have bigger things to worry about. Hmph, that's probably why the "little" things 'bout me bother you so?.

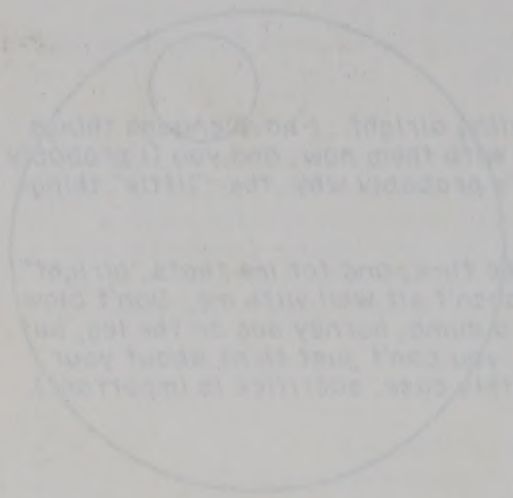
C'boo, i don't know what i'm gonna do half of the time, and for me thats "alright". But now i guess i gotta "think 4 2" people, and that doesn't sit well with me. Don't blow it all out of proportion, i'm not saying that you'r like a dumb, horney dog on the leg, but figure. It's like a marriage, it's like any relationship, you can't just think about your self. Some kind of sacrifice is demanded (at least in this case, sacrifice is important).

Listen to me,
and listen to me with everything that you would use to stop war, and everything you would do to ensure a Peaceable Kingdom.

"There is much i wanna do with you. Kill all the suspence and drama in the canned shit. I don't have much of anything outside of those i love, the One God i need and myself. I wanna move and be on with life. i wanna do this with all that i can, and with as many as i can. Can't we do it? I'm not saying anything so black and white, and nothing concrete 'cept for the ethereal obvious.
Why make room for the doughts and dubious suspiciones? You don't know why it's so, or do you. Who cares why, lets just go where we can lose them on the way. Denounce, flatleave, deny and refuse 'em.

I've got too much sin in my space and insides, and i don't know if i can put them aside to fight a "crime" which is more "eternal" than what most peoples spirit to live. I don't want to give time to that spirity by being mad, us being upset, and us doughting possibiltiy and time. We could do other things. I could empty myself to you, and we could go through and talk. You got a step to climb just like me, and i don't see why we cant just climb until we can't climb no more. Why can't we just work on climbing them, even if it's a little. Thats what i want.

is it so wrong or so far away from what you want?"



culture they will go out and kill the keepers of the ritual.

Malidoma: Oh, yes! Because they know that this is where the life-pulse of the culture is. This is where the engine room of the tribe is. So if you go and bomb that place, then the whole mechanism shuts down. That's pretty much what's at work in the third world, and what has happened here with the Native American culture. And the thing about it is that humans are going to be begetting gatekeepers, no matter what. This is the chance that we've got. So maybe that means that sooner or later we're going to wake up to the horror of our own errors, and we're going to reconsecrate our chosen people so that they can do their priestly work as they should. Otherwise, I just don't understand. I just don't understand. My position about it is not so much that gays be just forgiven. That's just tokenism. But that they serve as an example of the wrong, or the illness, that modernity has brought to us, and that we use that to begin working at healing ourselves and our society from the bottom up. That way, by the time we reach a certain level, all the gatekeepers are going to find their positions again. We cannot tell them where the gates are. They know. If we start to heal ourselves, they will remember. It will kick in. But as long as we continue in arrogance, in egotism, in God-knows-what form of violence on ourselves, no, there's that veil of confusion that's going to continue to prevail, and as a result it's going to prevent great things from happening. That's all I can say about that.

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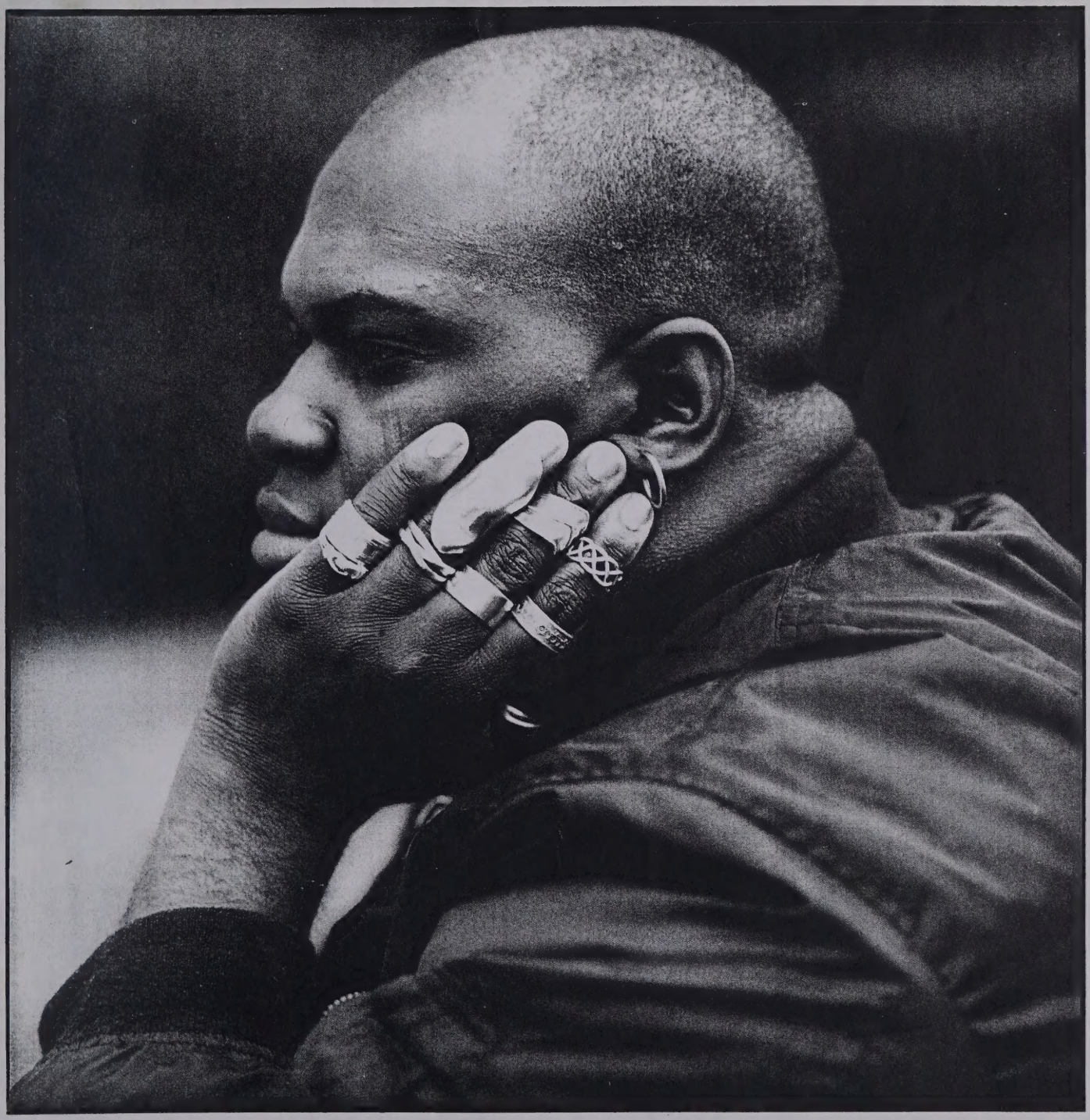

I'm in the process of molding my personality, seeking out that which is important to me, building a foundation for my new independence. This is an on-going process which gives me the strength and security to persevere and build both myself and my Community.

xx Shuka ΔΔ Age 22